

*Who would not give all else for two
pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beauti-**FUL SOUP!**"*

"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.



"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking

Alice by the hand, it hurried on, and ran as fast as it could for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice asked, but the Gryphon only answered by running the faster, while more and more she was carried on the breeze till she heard no more of its melancholy words:--

*Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beauti-**FUL SOUP!**"*